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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Frontispiece.



The sad Effects of Climbing Trees.

THE
ACCIDENTS OF YOUTH :

CONSISTING OF
SHORT HISTORIES,

CALCULATED TO
IMPROVE THE MORAL CONDUCT OF
CHILDREN, .

AND

*Warn them of the Many Dangers to which
they are Exposed.*



Illustrated by Engravings.

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TO MY YOUNG READERS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

THE inexperience and thoughtlessness natural at your age exposes you to many dangers : I have therefore pointed out some of them in this book, which contains several instructive little histories, in which you will behold the misfortunes that arise from disobedience and want of thought.

When your parents desire you not to climb upon the chairs, or touch the fire, or play with knives, or pins, it is

not because they wish to prevent you amusing yourselves ; they are only anxious to keep you from harm. If you were allowed to do whatever you pleased, many accidents would happen through your own indiscretion : for instance, when climbing on the furniture you might fall, and break a leg or an arm ; and might burn yourselves, by playing with fire ; or cut your fingers, by playing with knives ; or might swallow pins, in putting them into your mouth. Thus, you see you might often lame or kill yourselves, if your good mamma or papa did not guard most of your actions.

Do not suppose, my dear children,

that I wish to prevent your playing and taking proper exercise. On the contrary, I am very much amused by your games, though they are sometimes noisy; and I admire your harmless mirth. I wish you to be gay and to amuse yourselves at proper times; but you should never be rash or disobedient. You can play very well without climbing up to the window, on the furniture, or other improper places.

If you see guns, pistols, or other dangerous weapons, you should never touch them, as you may always find play-things more agreeable, and free from danger. Why should you play with a knife or with the fire? and

why put things into your mouth, at the risk of poisoning yourselves? These things are forbidden you; and yet your amusement is the wish of your parents. They desire only to see you happy, and guard you against accidents which your own discretion would not avoid. If you are good children, you will pay attention to the advice of your friends, and receive it as a proof of their love.

THE
ACCIDENTS OF YOUTH.

THE CLIMBERS.

LITTLE HENRY, who was about seven years old, came in one day crying very sadly. “Oh, papa!” said he, “if you knew what has happened—such a dreadful accident!”

“Well,” said his father, “what is the matter? tell me; I shall then be able to judge whether the accident deserves the sorrow which you express.”

“Oh, papa, it is worse than you suppose. You know little Charles Loveday, who is only a year older than I am:—he certainly will die.”

“My good boy, say what has happened to the poor child.”

“ Ah, papa! it was all our fault. Five or six of us were playing in the meadow, where you told me I might go, and, as we were running about, we observed a bird flying round a large tree, which is in the middle of the meadow, near the fountain. George cried out, ‘ Here is a nest, let us look for it!’ We all said, ‘ O, yes! let us look for it; let us look for it!’ I must own that I said so as well as the rest; although you desired me never to torment the poor little birds, and I promised you I would not; but just then I had forgot what you had said.

“ George looked about, and soon saw a nest near the end of a branch; but it was impossible for us to take it, as the branch was too thin to bear the least boy amongst us. We were all agreeing that it could not be taken, when

Charles called us a set of cowards, and boasted that he could take it. We defied him to do it, and said he was as great a coward as we were. Upon this, he began to climb up the tree just like a cat, which made us all laugh; and we jumped round the tree, crying out, 'He will never go to the end of the branch!'—I confess I wanted to climb up as well as him; so I put my arms round the tree, and told William to help me, and he was pushing me with his head, when poor Charles, not liking to be called a coward, went upon the branch, which bent under his weight, and then he hesitated: he would have done well if he had come down again; but we began to laugh, and cry out, louder than ever, 'He is afraid! he is afraid!' This made him advance; but the bough broke, and

poor Charles fell to the ground. William, who was holding me up, was so frightened that he let me go, and I fell also; but I did not hurt myself.

“ We all got round Charles, who could not speak, and the blood ran from his mouth and nose. We called to him, ‘ Charles! Charles! why don’t you speak?’ He seemed to be dead. We were all crying, when William ran to fetch a man, who was passing along the end of the meadow. As soon as the man saw Charles, he shook his head, and said, ‘ Poor child, if he is now alive, he cannot live long.’ These words made us cry more than before. The man took poor Charles in his arms, and carried him to his father’s, whilst we all followed, saying to each other, it was our fault; for, if we had not laughed at him, he would have come

down again when he found the branch was too weak to bear him. Ah! papa, if you knew how his mamma cried when the man brought Charles home, covered with blood, and unable to speak! as for us, we stood trembling, and did not dare to go in."

"This is, indeed, a great misfortune," said Henry's father, when he had heard his son's account of it; "and I am shocked that you should have contributed so much towards it: the thought of it will always make you unhappy, as you will have to reproach yourself with having been the cause of this misfortune happening to your friend; for, according to your own confession, he would have come safely down again if you had not piqued his vanity by your raillery. How could you excite this poor child to kill him-

self? You knew the danger he was in, and your conduct is therefore as criminal as if you had pushed him off the branch yourself. How much more humane it would have been in you to have told him of his danger, and entreated him to go no farther. Ah, Henry! I regret that you have so little feeling.”

“But Charles was very silly to suffer his vanity to prevent him despising, as he ought to have done, your cruel raillery; and, in climbing up the tree, he disobeyed his parents, who are wise people, and, no doubt, had often warned him of the danger: as to you, Henry, you know very well, that I forbid you to climb up trees; but you have neglected my commands, and, perhaps, if your unhappy friend had not alarmed you by the terrible accident which befel him, I should at

this moment have to deplore your death."

For several days the fate of Charles was uncertain: at length, however, after a long and painful illness, he was again able to play with his companions; but very different from what he was before the accident:—he was now a cripple for the remainder of his life!

THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

THE sun had risen above the hills, and was darting its rays upon the wet foliage of the trees: the birds, animated by its warmth, were singing sweetly around, whilst hopping from branch to branch. The same joy appeared in the river, which ran by my side: a swarm of insects hovered over its sur-

face; and the fishes were playing their gambols in its crystal stream. The joys of Nature had gladdened my heart; and I was walking slowly, admiring the beauties that surrounded me, when I saw through some willows, that grew near the river, a funeral procession coming towards me. Among those who were following the venerable clergyman, I observed a great number of children, from six to twelve years old: the girls were dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers; and each of the boys held a white rose in his hand. The children were formed into two ranks, and their parents followed. A covered coffin, containing the body of a child, was carried along by four youths. This child, I found, was the only son of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, and had been

drowned through playing too near the banks of the river, leaving his family in great grief. As his father was a worthy man, and much esteemed in the village, every one shared his affliction, and many followed the body of his son to the grave. The good clergyman, who neglected nothing that could add to the comfort of those around him, had requested his neighbours to bring their children, to attend on this solemn occasion.

He bade the procession halt at a part of the river where the stream ran most rapid, and had undermined its banks. When the coffin was set down, he called the children round him, and addressed them as follows:—

“Behold this coffin, my dear children! a few days ago, he that is in it was playing with you in the meadows, in as

good health and spirits as any among you. But this youth, who promised a long life, is now dead: you no doubt expected to have lived with him many years; but, by a sad accident, he has lost his life, and you a cheerful companion. — ‘May his death, my dear children, be a powerful and lasting example for you! It was the consequence of his imprudence and disobedience: twenty times did his tender mother desire him never to go too near the banks of the river: he did not listen to this kind and excellent advice of his parent; and you now behold the sad effects of his conduct. A life of sixty years, perhaps, he has lost in a moment. Judge, then, whether you would do right to imitate him. Look! it was here that he perished; this is the turf from which his foot slipped. You saw

him fall, and the stream carry him away.

“ O, my dear children, pay attention to the voice of your parents, and always follow the advice which they give you : they desire only your welfare ; and the dangers that surround you make them tremble every moment lest some accident befall you. Listen to the cries of the poor mother of this child, observe the grief of his distracted father ; and learn from thence how dear you are to your parents, and how cruel you are when, by your disobedience or want of thought, you give them pain or uneasiness.”

As the good clergyman finished this address, he lifted up the lid of the coffin, which had been left unscrewed on purpose, and shewed to his attentive hearers the lifeless body of their former

friend and companion; after which, it was replaced and screwed down. The procession then went on to the church; and, shortly afterwards, the body of the unfortunate youth was put into the grave, and covered with earth.

THE SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

You have read of the dangers that arise from climbing up trees and playing by the side of rivers. I will now tell you something of a different nature.

A little boy, whom I will not name, for he was very naughty, got through a hedge into an orchard. When he was there, he looked about him to admire the abundance of fruit with which the trees were loaded. You need not ask me if he wanted to steal any; the wicked little fellow went into the orchard only with that intention.

He stopped at a beautiful apple-tree ; and, as he was very nimble, he soon got into the middle of it, and was enjoying the prospect of a fine feast, when the owner of the orchard appeared at the gate, with a large dog. You may suppose that the little rogue was not very well pleased with this visit. However, as it was some distance from the gate to the tree where he was, he thought he had time enough to escape by the way he had entered. He, therefore, made haste to come down ; but, unluckily for him, his foot slipped, and he came tumbling down from branch to branch. He might have broken an arm or a leg,—and certainly he deserved it, for he was a little thief ; but he was fortunate enough to be caught by the waistband of his trowsers, on a large branch of the tree,

several feet from the ground, without being able to extricate himself from his awkward situation.

The owner saw his apples fall, and was very much astonished to see a little boy following them, and all at once stopped in such a singular manner. He ran towards the tree, and his dog ran also. The good man was so humane, that he forgot the naughty little boy had come to rob him, and made haste to give him some relief. He would not, for all the apples in the orchard, have had him fall to the ground from such a height, and he got upon the tree with the intention of taking him down; but, when he saw that the branch was strong, that the waistband of his small clothes was firm, and that he ran no risk of falling, he was determined to punish him, by

leaving him where he was a little longer. He therefore got down, and called together the boys of the village, to see him. In the mean time, the dog would not leave the tree, but remained barking and jumping with all his strength, in the hope of getting hold of the little robber. The boy was greatly terrified, and expected every moment to fall, and the dog to tear him to pieces; he cried and twisted himself about, shaking his arms and legs as if he were trying to fly.

At length the children of the village arrived, and every one laughed to see the little robber so nicely caught; for, no one could pity him, because nothing is more shocking than theft. The children danced round the tree; and the owner of the orchard, having picked up the apples which had fallen,

gave some to each of them, who kept telling the thief, all the time they were eating them, how good they were.

The owner, judging that he had now been sufficiently punished, took him down, and drove him forwards, threatening to set his dog upon him if he ever dared to come there again. I can assure you, he never did : but this wicked trick was not very easily forgotten : the boys of the village would no longer play with him ; and, whenever he went near a house, the door was shut in his face, for fear he should take any thing away.

YOUNG ALCIBIADES PLAYING IN THE
STREETS OF ATHENS.

ALCIBIADES was one of the first persons of the republic of Athens, in

Greece. An anecdote is related of him, which proves that in his youth he was very obstinate and foolish.—He was playing with several children of his own age in one of the streets of Athens, and, just at the time when they were in the middle of their game, there came towards them a waggoner, driving his oxen, who desired them to get out of the way. Every one obeyed, except Alcibiades, who requested the waggoner to wait until the game was ended. The waggoner laughed at his unreasonable request, and drove on, telling him he might get out of the way, or remain and be run over, just as he pleased. “Well,” said Alcibiades, “pass then, if you dare!” and immediately laid himself down in the middle of the road. The waggoner, astonished at such obstinacy, and finding

that Alcibiades was determined to be crushed under foot rather than give way, shewed himself the wisest of the two, and stopped his oxen whilst they finished their game.

Do not imagine that I relate this history to you as an example which you ought to follow. I should, in that case, give you very dangerous advice, and teach you to be obstinate, and kill or lame yourselves ; for the waggoners and coachmen of our times are not in general so humane or considerate as the waggoner I have mentioned, as they now drive their carriages through the streets, crowded with people, with as much rapidity as if they were in the middle of a desert ; and, if you do not get out of the way, they will assuredly drive over you.

In general, the streets of large towns

present too many dangers for children to play in them; a wheel might run over you, break your limbs, or kill you on the spot. Such misfortunes happen too frequently: and, if you were to ask all the lame people that you meet, the greater part of them would tell you that they met with their accidents under the wheel of a coach or the feet of horses. Shun, then, these places, which you have so much cause to dread; and avoid, as much as possible, going into public places, except with persons who are capable of taking care of you.



OLD DADDY SIMON;
Or, THE THREE ACCIDENTS.

THERE was once a little man who was lame, blind of one eye, and had only one hand. He was called, *Old Daddy*

Simon. The naughty children of the neighbourhood ran after the poor old man, and laughed at his misfortune. This was very improper, for age should be respected; but they derided him, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Simon: tell us why you are blind of one eye, and lame, and have but one hand."

"Ah!" replied he, "it was because I was mischievous, like you. If I had been good and obedient, I should not have been blind, and should have had both hands and eyes, as you have."

"Oh! tell us how it happened, Mr. Simon," said the noisy group, jumping round the little man.

"Willingly," replied Simon; "for, though you are not good children, I should not wish any harm to befall you; and what I am going to relate may be a good lesson to you. Sit down, then, and

listen to me ; and I will sit down too, for, with my lame leg, I am soon tired.

“ Fifty years ago, when I was not much higher than my knee, I was very fond of playing with animals ; and, to my shame, I must own, that I took great pleasure in teasing and hurting them, for I was then as naughty as you are. My mother used to say, ‘ Simon, you will be bitten, or scratched, or get kicked ;’ but I listened to nothing that she said, and continued to do as I pleased. I was soon punished, as you will hear.

“ One of our neighbours had a Tom-Cat, whose whiskers were as long as my finger. I amused myself by pulling the hairs, &c.; for, as I have already told you, I was then as naughty as you are. My mother never ceased repeating to me,—‘ Simon, the cat will

scratch you, if you do not let him alone.' I took no notice of what she said, but went on my own way. One day, when the Tom-cat was in a worse humour than usual, and determined to defend his whiskers, he threw out his paw so nimbly, that he scratched me in the left eye, and burst it. Thus, for not having paid attention to the commands of my mother, God punished me with the loss of an eye.

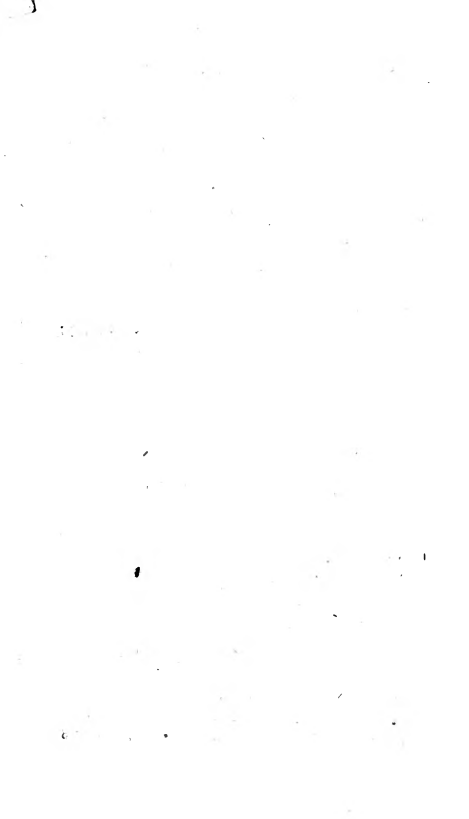
“ I was no sooner cured, than I began my tricks again ; I took care, however, not to trust myself in play with a Tom-cat. I amused myself with dogs, which I considered more patient, and pulled their ears, paws, and tails, and got upon their backs. My mother often said, ‘ Simon, the dog will bite you.’—‘ Oh, no, mother,’ I replied, and went on.



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“ One day, I saw a large dog passing quietly by; I went out slyly, and suddenly caught hold of his paw, to frighten him. He was, in fact, so frightened, that he made a leap, turned, and at once bit my wrist nearly in two. Thus, for neglecting my mother’s advice, God deprived me of one of my hands.

“ Would you believe that, after what I had suffered by my disobedience, I should still continue my old way? —Oh, yes! you will readily believe it; for I fear you are as naughty as I was at your age; I think, if you had an opportunity, you would do the same. Is it not true? Take care, however; for you may be as badly treated as I was.

“ The cat’s claws and the dog’s teeth having failed to render me more wise and obedient, I resumed my old habits.

I then played with horses, which appeared to me to be very quiet animals: in fact, if I had not tormented them, they would have left me alone. My mother said, as usual, ‘Simon, the horse will kick you;’ and I, as usual, paid no attention to her good advice, but followed my own counsel. I was soon punished for my disobedience. Listen! my children—listen! and take warning: a horse was feeding in a meadow; he had a beautiful long tail, and I wanted to pluck out some hairs to make fishing-lines; I approached him softly, took hold of his tail, and pulled out some hairs; but the horse, who was not used to such treatment, pricked up his ears, and gave me a kick, which broke my thigh.

“ Thus, you see, for not having listened to my mother, God has punished

me three times ; and I am lame, and blind of one eye, and have only one hand that I can use."

As he finished this address, Old Simon took his stick, rose up, and departed ; begging the children to take warning by his misfortunes, and never do what their parents forbid them.

THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE.

MRS. NORMAN was returning home in great haste, for she had just purchased a book for her little boy, containing several amusing stories, neatly bound, and a few play-things. She already anticipated the pleasure of little Frederic, who had for some time past merited the applause of his tutor. He was indeed a very good boy, and loved his mother dearly, and his mother

prized nothing on earth so much as her dear little Frederic, who had just entered into his eighth year.

As this kind mother drew near to her house, she saw a crowd of people round it, who appeared in great alarm. Whilst enquiring the cause of their uneasiness, she raised her eyes towards the roof of the house, which was very high, and, uttering a dreadful cry, fell upon her knees, stretching forth her hands, without being able to speak a single word for a considerable time.

Judge of her terrible situation: at the moment when she was anticipating the pleasure which her return would give to her son, she beheld him in the most imminent danger. The imprudent youth, without reflecting that he was doing wrong, took it into his head

to climb on the roof of the house. He got out through a little trap-door, and crawled along the tiles, to look about him. He was endeavoring to reach the chimney, when his foot slipped, and he slid on his belly to the edge of the roof: here he was stopped by a little ledge; his leg, however, hung over the side of the house, and the least motion would have dashed him on the pavement.

Such was the sight which presented itself to his mother. Motionless, her arms stretched forth, and her looks betraying horror and despair, she was the picture of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, a ray of hope appeared: a man got out at the trap-door, and generously, although at the risk of his life, attempted to save the unfortu-

nate youth. He approached carefully, and in a minute would have been able to lay hold of him.

The mother watched him with eagerness. "Gracious God! spare my child! spare my child!" were the only words she could utter. The man was near, and just about stretching forth his hand, when the child made a motion towards him; but, dreadful to relate,—a tile gave way, the poor little boy fell to the ground, and the place was immediately covered with his blood.

At this moment his mother fell with her face towards the earth; some persons ran to relieve her—but, alas! she was dead!

THE SLIDERS.

WILLIAM and James were taking a walk in the fields, one winter's morn-

ing, after their breakfast, when they came near a pond which was frozen over. William, who was the eldest, said to his brother, "Look, James; look at the pond; see how the boys are running on the ice, just as if it were on the ground. Oh! look at them; how they slide! what a pretty amusement! let us go to them."

"But, brother," said James, "you know our mamma told us not to go on the ice."

"She will not see us," said William; "besides, papa says little boys ought to be bold and courageous; he is even going to teach us to skate—don't you remember?"

"Yes, that is true," replied James; "but papa added, that we must grow bigger first, and that he would go with us."

“You are afraid,” said William ; “as for me, I fear nothing, and will go on the ice.”—In fact, he ran on, and began to slide with the other boys.

James was not long before he followed this bad example ; but he walked softly, for he was not so bold as his brother, and was near falling twenty times before he reached the party.

A good old man, who was passing by the pond, stopped to look at them. He said, “My little friends, take care ; it has not frozen hard, and the ice is very likely to break : slide upon the edges, where the water is not so deep ; and, if it gives way, you will be in no danger of drowning yourselves.”

But the boys laughed at the old man ; and, to vex him, went more towards the middle of the pond : they were, however, soon punished ; for,

the ice, having too great a weight on it, gave way, and they all fell into the water. The old man called some people to his assistance, and succeeded, at length, in taking the unruly children, half dead, out of the water.

William and James were carried home to their friends, and put to-bed, and treated with more kindness than they deserved; and they recovered after a few days' illness. If it had not been for the good old man, whom they had been rude enough to laugh at for his advice, they would have been all drowned. This accident corrected them; and they never afterwards ventured on the ice without being accompanied by their father.

THE SAD ADVENTURES OF PETER THE
GUZZLER.

THERE was once a little boy, six or seven years old, whose name was Peter ; but he had been surnamed the *Guzzler*, on account of his gluttony. I assure you he would have been a nice little boy, if he had corrected himself of this fault. Unfortunately, however, he thought of nothing but eating and drinking. He was hardly awake, before he asked for his breakfast ; and, every time he went near his mamma, he cried out “ *Mamma, I am hungry.*” If his papa came in, he always ran to feel his pockets, and said “ Papa, have not you brought me a cake ?” He did the same to his uncle, his aunt, his cousins, and in fact to every body that

came to the house ; and, whenever he met the maid, he asked her for bread :— in short, he never appeared easy but when he was eating, and yet you would have supposed him dying with hunger, he looked so ill and weak from the effects of gluttony, and was constantly complaining of the head-ache ; which is not to be wondered at.

Although his friends allowed him to have every thing necessary, he never seemed satisfied, but was constantly picking up the bits that came in his way. You might have compared him to the half-starved dogs that are always thrusting their noses into every thing they meet with.

One day, a strange accident happened to him. His father said, “ Peter, as you have been a better boy than usual, I will take you to-morrow to

Mr. Wilson's, and you shall play all day with his children."

Peter was very much pleased, and ran to embrace his father. In the evening, his mamma stewed some French plums, which were as sweet as sugar, and gave him a large saucer full; but she took care of the juice, and put it away in a cup. Peter longed to taste it, but he did not dare to say so, for his mother told him very seriously that he had eaten quite enough.

He was up at six o'clock the following morning, and the prospect of a fine day made him full of spirits; the sun shone, and Peter was happy. He rejoiced at the thought of how much he should eat in the course of the day; for eating was his greatest pleasure, and he would never make one

of a party where there was to be no eating.

Whilst anticipating this felicity, he entered the dining-room. As he had not been expected to visit it so early, the cupboard was open : the sight of the cup which contained the juice made him smack his lips, and with both hands he eagerly lifted it to his mouth. He was so greedy, and so much afraid of being interrupted, that he swallowed nearly half of it before he had time to discover the taste. When he left off, to take breath, he found that it had a very bitter and unpleasant taste. He put the cup down gently, wiped his mouth, and went into the garden very much disconcerted.

What do you suppose he had been drinking? It was medicine! Yes, medicine which his mamma had been

making for one of the servants who was ill, and into which she had put a little of the juice of the stewed plums, to render it more palatable. It was not long before he felt the effects of it; he turned sick, and was nearly beginning to vomit, when his papa called him to breakfast.

No sooner did *Guzzler* hear breakfast named, than his spirits raised, and he boldly sat himself down at table; but there all his courage ended, for he could not eat a bit of any thing. As the breakfast was very nice, and he was unable to partake of it, he began to cry. His papa, having asked him several times what was the matter, without receiving any answer, sent him away from the table. It was indeed time for the glutton to go, for the medicine was beginning to affect him. His

friends were very much alarmed when they saw him so ill; but, the truth being soon known, every body laughed at him. He was put to bed, and of course his intended journey was quite laid aside. He remained ill, several days, and it was at this time that he received the degrading name of *Guzzler*.

A week had not elapsed when his gluttony exposed him to another accident. Being in the garden, near a strawberry-bed, which was by the side of a deep ditch, he cleared the bed in a few minutes; and, observing about a dozen which hung over the ditch, he could not rest satisfied without them; therefore, although an errant coward, he leaned over the ditch to get at them, holding by some roots with one hand. He had already eaten several, when, in the midst of his pleasure, his

hold gave way, and he fell into the ditch; where he remained, for some time, up to his neck in mud and water. He would have lost his life, if a countryman, who was passing on the other side of the ditch, had not come to his relief, and drawn him out, covered with filth. In this sad plight, *Guzzler* returned to the house, where he was taken more care of than he deserved, and put to bed. When he got well every body laughed at him, but even this did not cure him of his gluttony.

His school-fellows, who knew his fault, said one day to each other, "Let us play *Guzzler* a trick:"—one of them told him that he had received from his parents a pot of nice custard, and that he had eaten half of it and put the remainder away for the next day. Peter smacked his lips as if he had already

tasted some: the description of it was fresh in his mind all day, and in the evening he stole gently to the place where his school-fellow told him he had left it.

You see, his gluttony here led him to commit a still worse fault, and to take what did not belong to him.

The school-boys, who had been watching, followed softly at his heels; and, just when Peter was putting a large spoonful of the custard into his mouth, they all cried out, "Look at the Guzzler! look at the Guzzler!"

Poor Peter was dragged, in a very confused state, to the middle of the yard, where he spit out the pretended custard, which was nothing but jalap covered over with a little cream and sugar. He did not escape with merely being laughed at; for the master, being

told of what had occurred, punished him severely for attempting to steal the property of one of his school-fellows.

I will do him the justice to say, that from that day he never took what did not belong to him; but he could not muster courage enough to conquer his dangerous gluttony: he continued, by this sad practice, to expose himself to frequent illness.

One holiday, when his school-fellows were playing in the fields, Peter walked along by the side of a hedge, amusing himself with eating the hips. As he did not very well know how to distinguish them, he made a mistake, and took a bunch of large red berries, which he swallowed without the least examination, and continued eating them for some time. But, when he returned to his school-fellows, he felt very

sick, and sat down, sorrowfully, on the grass ; but said nothing, for fear of being laughed at. After suffering a great deal in silence, he began to vomit all that he had eaten, which was very lucky, for he had eaten poisonous berries, which might have killed him. He was immediately taken back to the school and properly attended to. He was ill a long time, and no one thought he would live ; but this accident was useful to him, and he conquered a habit which made him disagreeable to every one who knew him. What helped very much to correct him of this fault was, the account of a sad accident that happened to another little boy, who was also a glutton.

This little boy, having received a glass of white wine from his papa, observed where the bottle was put, as

some wine remained in it ; and he conceived the wicked idea of taking it, unknown to his father, as soon as he should have an opportunity. One day, when his mamma was gone out of the room, he got upon a chair, and, taking up a bottle, which he thought was the same that he had the glass of wine from, he poured out a glass full, and drank it. As he took the glass from his lips, he found he had made a mistake ; a burning heat was felt in his mouth, throat, and stomach. The heat and pain very soon became dreadful, and he cried as loud as he could for assistance. His mamma, terrified by his cries, ran to him, and asked what was the matter ; but he was now unable to speak, and could only point to the bottle ; by which she found that her son had been drinking

aqua-fortis. She made him swallow a large quantity of milk, and in fact every thing that she thought likely to do him good; but all in vain, for the unfortunate child died the same day, in the greatest agony. His body became discoloured, his lips and tongue scorched with the terrible liquid; and the surgeons who opened him said that his inside was the same as if it had been burnt. Thus, you see the shocking effects of gluttony!

The least misfortune that can happen to a glutton, is the loss of his health; and it makes him appear worse than a brute.

THE DANGER OF THROWING STONES.

I WAS one day walking in a field which joined a burying-ground. As I ap-

proached, I heard sobs and sighs, and a voice which exclaimed repeatedly, "Gracious God! pardon me the death of my dear mother!"

The death of his mother!—I began to shudder. I looked for the unhappy being who had killed his mother: I passed through a little wood, and saw a young man kneeling near a grave; his long hair hung over his face, which was bathed in tears. I expected to behold the features of a wretchedly-hardened sinner, but was surprised at discovering a face which expressed virtue and benevolence. When the young man saw me, he wiped away his tears. Notwithstanding the dreadful words which I had heard, I felt my heart full of pity. "You are very much afflicted, young man;" said I.

“ Alas ! sir, (replied he,) I am weeping over the grave of my mother.”

“ It is not long, then, since you lost her ?”

“ Ten years ; but, ever since her death, I have been away from the spot, and this is the first time of my visiting her grave ; and (added he, with a half-stifled voice,) it was I who killed her !”

“ Miserable youth ! (I exclaimed,) what is it you say ? You could not have committed such a crime intentionally !”

“ No, no, (replied the young man,) I could never have been guilty of such a dreadful deed ! yet, I shall all my life have to reproach myself with having caused her death. But for my disobedience, she might have been still living, perhaps.”

As he said this, the tears rolled down his cheeks. “ Whilst, (he added,) if I had been severely corrected in my childhood, I might have been spared the grief which embitters all my days:—my parents were too kind to me, and I abused their kindness.—When I was about eight years old, I became acquainted with five or six naughty little boys, who passed their time by playing in the streets. Their greatest amusement was throwing stones: if a dog passed, they threw at the poor animal; and did the same to all the children in the neighbourhood who would not join them. Not a day passed without their breaking several windows; and, when they were caught, they had a severe thrashing.

“ Notwithstanding this, I found their amusements very much to my

liking, and I threw stones also. I was frequently beaten by the neighbours, but not sufficiently ; and my father often threatened to chastise me ; but, unfortunately for me, he never did. My mother, who was very kind to me, told me to amuse myself with a woollen ball, and not to throw stones. But I did not listen to her good advice, and had broken a dozen windows, when I met with a terrible misfortune.

“ One day, when I was playing in the fields, I saw a flock of birds on a hedge, and immediately threw stones at them. I did not reflect that there might be some person on the other side of the hedge ; when, just after I had thrown one of the largest stones, I heard a sad cry, which very much frightened me. At first, I thought of running away ; but I thought it was

like my mother's voice. I crept along the hedge, and, looking through, saw a female lying on the ground. Judge of the grief I felt, when I found that it was my own mother!

“ I rushed through the hedge, and, throwing myself by her side, I called to her to speak to me : I took her hands and kissed them, and entreated her to forgive me, promising to do so no more. She did not hear me ; for, alas ! she was dead ! I had struck her on the temple, which caused her immediate death.

“ When I made this terrible discovery, I rolled on the ground, cried most piteously, and wished myself dead. Some people who were on the other side of the hedge ran towards me ; but they drew back when they saw the dreadful sight, and with horror



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heard me confess my crime. I ran to meet my father who was coming towards us ; he repulsed me with horror, and told me that he would not permit so unworthy a child to approach him. It was in vain that I told him how it happened. When he had fulfilled the last duties to my mother, whom he tenderly loved, he sent me to a distant school ; and, from that time to this, I never returned home or saw my father. He died a short time ago, when I prepared to leave school, and to visit the grave of my mother.

“ Thus, sir, you see that, without any wicked intention, I have done that for which I am doomed always to be miserable.”

This melancholy tale will surely teach children how dangerous it is to throw stones at any time, and how fatal

the effects of disobedience may be, even to their own comfort ; and consider, that the greatest accidents may proceed from this practice,—even the death of a tender and indulgent mother !

KNIVES AND SCISSARS.

“ WHAT, sir ! you are playing with a knife, though I told you not to do so ?” said Mrs. Belmont to her son Augustus.

“ I shall not cut myself, mamma ;” replied Augustus.

But, at the very moment he was speaking, he cut his finger almost to the bone. He was rightly served ; and all disobedient children deserve the same punishment.

I one day met a little boy running very fast, with a knife in his hand :

“ My child, (said I,) take care ; for, if your foot should slip, you would fall, and perhaps hurt yourself with the knife.”

“ Oh, no, sir,” said he, “ I shall not fall.”

He had not proceeded a dozen steps, when his foot struck against a stone; and, in falling, he ran the knife in his side. He did not die of the wound ; but it was a long time before he was cured.

A little girl, whom I knew, was always playing with her mamma’s scissors. One day, when she was playing with some young friends, with the scissars as usual in her hand, she made a false step, and ran the points into the eye of one of her companions. She was very sorry indeed ; but that did not remedy the accident, which would

not have happened if she had not played with the scissars.

When your friends tell you, my dear children, not to play with knives, or any other sharp instrument, it is not with the intention of depriving you of any pleasure, but to preserve you from the dangers that might arise from want of thought and experience. Your parents love you so dearly, that the idea of your danger is sufficient to alarm them. Return their tenderness, then, by affection and obedience; and do not make them unhappy by doing what you are told not to do.

THE CANDLE.

“ Look at that obstinate little fellow ! I have told him ten times not to go so near the candle. If you were a little

farther off, sir, would you not see your pictures quite as well? you deserve to have them taken away, for your disobedience;" said Mrs. Dickons to her son Thomas, who with his knees upon a chair, and his elbows on the table, nearly touched the candle with his head. Every time his mother spoke to him, he drew back a little; but a moment afterwards he forgot her advice, and again put his head as near the candle as ever.

His mother had occasion to leave the room for a few minutes. Thomas, neglecting her advice, held his head so close to the candle, that he set his hair on fire. His cries soon brought his mother to his assistance, who was afraid of his doing some mischief to himself, and instantly put out the flame with her handkerchief.

Observe, my children, that she put out the fire. This remark may be useful to you: —if your hair or dress should catch fire, instead of crying out, without endeavouring to remove the danger, make haste and smother the flame with the first thing that you find. I knew a little boy who set fire to his nankeen trowsers; the fire was just beginning to burn him, and nobody was near, so that his cries would have been useless. He sat down on the floor, and, with a corner of the carpet, extinguished the flame. He thus saved his life by his presence of mind. Many children would have done nothing but cry, till they had been burned to death.

As to the little boy I first mentioned, he escaped with the loss of his hair; and the accident did him good, by

teaching him to be more careful and obedient.

THE THOUGHTLESS BOY.

EDWARD was walking backwards along the passage, and said to his sister, who was playing in an adjoining room; "Come and see how I walk backwards;—you cannot do so, I am sure."

As he said these words, he came to the stair-case, of which he was not thinking, and fell down stairs, backwards. As he was quite senseless when he was picked up, they thought him dead; but at length he showed some signs of life. He had fractured his head very badly, and was several days under the care of the surgeon.

At another time, when he was playing with his sister, he hid himself be-

hind a door, to listen through the key-hole. His sister, who did not know it, and wished to surprise him, came into the room, and opened the door so suddenly, that he was knocked down and very much hurt. His sister was very sorry for the accident, and helped him up; but the lock had scratched his cheek sadly, and he was ill for some days.

Unfortunately, he was not the only sufferer by his thoughtlessness: his sister had her share of the accidents which resulted from it. He was twenty times nearly blinding her. One day, when she had her hand between the door, he shut it carelessly, as usual, and nearly pinched her fingers off.

Scarcely a week passed without his falling from a chair or table; indeed, he did every thing that came into his head,

without thinking of the consequences. Once, wanting to see what was on a very high shelf, he got a little round table, and put a chair upon it :—the sight alone would have made you shudder ; but he never thought of the danger. After much trouble, he reached the shelf, just as the table overbalanced, and threw down the whole : he had only time to catch hold of the shelf, and save himself from falling.

Suspended in this manner, his situation was not very agreeable, you may suppose. If he fell, he would break a bone, perhaps ; if he called for help, he would be punished for his curiosity. He cried, however, very loud ; but, as no one came to him for some time, his arms were quite tired, and he was just letting go his hold, when his father en-

tered the room. He took him down, and then flogged him well.

FATAL EFFECTS OF PLAYING WITH
THE FIRE.

CAROLINE had been a very good girl, and her mamma gave her a little house for her doll, with pretty furniture, plates, dishes, &c. and she had a nice apple to cut in slices, to put upon her dishes.

Caroline was so pleased that she invited all her play-fellows. The plates were filled, and placed on the table; where Caroline did the honours, and helped her little friends.

All this was very pretty; and Caroline kept saying to her mamma, "Don't I play prettily, mamma?" Her mamma replied, "Yes, my dear; you en-

tain your friends like a very good girl."

One day, Caroline wished to cook something in one of her dishes. Her mamma had often told her never to touch the fire, but the disobedient little girl, finding herself alone, put some charcoal into a pan; but, while she was blowing it with the bellows, her mamma called her. Caroline hid the pan behind the window-curtains; her mamma came into the room, having no suspicion, and said—"Caroline, as you have learned your lesson like a good girl, you shall take a walk with me into the meadows:" she immediately accompanied her to the fields, where her mamma sat down under a tree, and began to sew, whilst Caroline went into the grass, which was as high

as her knees, and gathered some flowers to make a nosegay.

They had been there some time, and were just thinking of returning home, when they heard a great noise, and saw a number of people running towards them. The same moment they saw the gardener, who cried out, "Ah! madam, a sad accident has happened: your house is on fire and nearly burnt down! The fire began by the window-curtains in your room."

Scarcely had he said these words, when Caroline uttered a dreadful cry, and fell down on her knees before her mother. The charcoal, which she had left burning, had set fire to the curtains, which had communicated to the furniture, and the flames soon reached every part of the house, and the stables, which were full of hay and straw;

and thus all the premises were burnt, by the disobedience of this naughty girl.

NECESSARY CAUTION WHEN VERY
HOT.

I LIKE to see you, my children, run and jump in the fields, play at ball, and other harmless games. You cannot run about too much in safe places ; exercise gives health and gracefulness : but it is necessary you should pay attention to what I am going to say.

When you are very hot and perspire, do not go into the draught, or sit down on the damp ground ; and, above all, be sure never to drink cold water, however thirsty you may be : wait till you are cool. If you drink too soon, you will check the perspiration, and bring on an

illness that may end in death. If, when you have rested a bit, you feel chilly, run again, until you are a little warm. Do not forget what I tell you; a great number of imprudent children have died through neglecting this advice.

THE BOILING SAUCEPAN.

A GOOD countrywoman said to her son, Stephen, who was seven years old,—
“Stephen, my child, I am obliged to go out to take your father his dinner, who is working in the fields; be a good boy whilst I am out.”

“Oh, yes, mother; I will be very good;” said Stephen.

“You see the saucepan,” said the good woman; “take care not to touch it, for it might fall and scald your legs.”

“ I promise you I will not touch it, mother ;” said he.

“ I entreat that you will not, my child,” said she : “ and it is for your good that I do so.”

The mother took her basket under her arm and went out ; but not without saying once more, “ Be a good boy, Stephen ; for, if you disobey me, you will be the sufferer.”

Stephen was one of those little boys who keep saying, “ I will be good,” and yet always do what they are told not to do. As soon as he was alone, he looked at the saucepan, and then put his hand to the lid, which burnt him : this was a good warning, but it was lost upon him. He took off the lid, and tasted the broth ;—yes, my dear children, the naughty little boy took off the lid !

At this moment he thought he heard somebody ; he made haste to put the lid on again, and turned himself round, as if he had been doing no harm ; but, unfortunately, his foot slipped, and his hand caught the handle of the saucepan, and overturned it upon him. He fell to the ground, and the boiling broth scalded his legs terribly : his pain made him cry out most sadly ; but nobody came to his assistance. He could not get up again ; and the broth, which had soaked through his stockings, scalded him dreadfully.

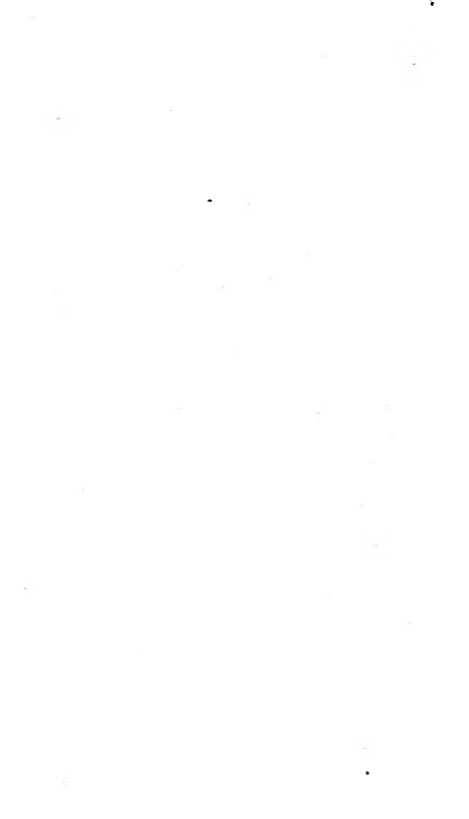
When his mother came home, she found him stretched upon the floor, and thought he was dead. She began to cry ; but picked him up, and, having undressed him, did all she could to ease his pain ; but his agony increased every moment. A surgeon was sent



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for, who said, when he came, that, if he escaped death, he would be lame all his life. He did, indeed, recover, after a long illness ; but he was unable, ever after, to walk without crutches.

Ah ! the good woman said truly, —“ When you disobey me, you will be the sufferer.”



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS BURNT.

ELIZABETH was a little girl who thought herself very pretty ; she never went past a looking-glass without stopping to admire herself. She was very fond of compliments, and disliked every one who did not praise her beauty. This was a sad fault, and would have caused many disappointments to her

when she grew up, if a terrible accident had not put an end to her life. This accident arose from her ridiculous vanity.

She was one day looking over her mamma's things, when she perceived a beautiful pearl necklace, and a pair of diamond ear-rings. She could not refrain from putting them on; which, you know, was very improper; and she went to the fire-place to look in the glass, that hung over the mantle-piece.

While the simple little girl was admiring herself in these ornaments, and throwing up her head as proudly as a peacock, the fire caught her frock, and the flame communicated in a moment to all the rest of her clothes. She uttered the most dreadful cries, which brought somebody to her assistance;

but it was too late : the fire had burnt her clothes to ashes and scorched her in a shocking manner, and she expired, a few hours after, in the greatest agony,—leaving a dreadful lesson to those children who play too near the fire.

THE IMPRUDENT YOUTHS AND THE
YOUNG HERO.

Not a year passes in which we do not hear of a great number of little boys who lose their lives by venturing on pools of water when very little frozen. It is therefore my wish, if possible, to caution you against running on the ice ; and, although I have already said something on the same subject, I shall relate another story, which may, perhaps, make an impression, on my young readers ; and I take more pleasure in re-

lating this story, on account of a little boy who acted an admirable part in it. But, before I begin, let me just inform you that it is very true, and occurred under my own eye.

During the winter of 1804, three little boys were playing on the ice of a pond near Richmond. The ice was by no means thick, and cracked under their feet; but they laughed at it. Among the boys who were standing near the pond, there was one who was foolish enough to throw a stick on the ice, which rolled a great way, and he defied the other boys to fetch it. Excited by this cruel defiance, they all three ran towards the place where the stick lay; but, the ice gave way, and they disappeared in an instant.

While every body was deploring the accident, without venturing to their

assistance, another little boy, the son of a poor shoemaker at Richmond, whose name was *Christian Humphreys*, and who had been playing at cricket in an adjoining field, ran towards the pond. On finding what was the matter, he said, "*As I am older than them, I will try if I can save them.*"

Well knowing the danger of the attempt, he fell on his knees, and prayed to God for support; then, taking off his jacket, he walked softly over the ice.

He had scarcely got half way, when his foot sunk in, and, in drawing it out again, he lost his shoe. This accident frightened him a little, but it did not stop him. As soon as he arrived at the hole where the little boys disappeared, he recommended himself once more to God, and plunged in.

Just as he was laying hold of one of the three, he was caught by each foot by the others: he had much difficulty in getting clear from them, which he did at last. He then regained the opening, and drew breath while he rested on the edge of the broken ice.

After having recovered himself a little, (for he was nearly exhausted,) he found that the ice would not bear two persons at once; so he began to break it until he made an opening to the edge of the pond. His hands were covered with blood, and he suffered very much from the pain; but neither his pain, nor the danger he ran, could discourage him. He then swam towards the place where the little boys sunk, and plunging in again, brought up one of them, whom he landed safe on the bank. He plunged in again,

and brought out the youngest. Encouraged by this success, he returned to look for the oldest of them, who was bigger than himself: he soon found him, and laying hold of him by the hair of his head, pulled with all his might, but was some time before he could raise him to the top of the water. The spectators were beginning to think he was lost, when he found the passage that he had made, and regained the land with the big boy; but poor Christian's hands were covered with blood, and he was scarcely able to stand.

The three little boys were ill for several days; but their generous liberator, for want of comfortable things, was ill much longer.

This poor boy, after having drank a little warm beer, went to his master's, where he was an apprentice, and stood

before the fire to melt the ice which clung to his hair. Wishing to get something for the loss of his shoes, he went to the father of one of the children he had saved. This man was very poor indeed, but he gave Christian a shilling. The poor boy being in his wet clothes all this time, he caught a violent cold, and was laid up for more than a fortnight.

As soon as he got well again, Christian sat down to work for his master, and thought no more of the good action he had performed ; when one day a great lord sent for him.

As Christian was very timid, he went to his lordship very reluctantly. This nobleman put some questions to him, and charmed at finding him so modest and sensible, made him a present of a good suit of clothes and a guinea, which Christian, like a good boy, carried to his father.

But Christian's good-fortune did not end here. The good action he had done was talked of by everybody, till the king himself heard of it, who, being pleased with such heroic conduct in so young a boy, put him to school, and ever after provided for him and his family,

This story, my dear children, teaches you to avoid the imprudence which exposed the little boys to so much danger; but, if you should ever witness such an accident, the courage and kindness of little Christian will tell you how you ought to act on such an occasion.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

“RUB, dub, dub; I am beating the drum,” said little Victor, as he beat

his fist against the window; "Listen, it is just like the soldiers!—rub, dub, dub."

"My little friend," said a gentleman who was on a visit to his papa, "you strike too hard; you will break the window."

"Oh, no, Sir; I am beating the drum:—rub, dub, dub,—is it not pretty?"

His papa came into the room, and said, "Victor, what are you doing? do you want to break the window?"

"No, papa:" and Victor left off. But no sooner was his papa gone, than he began again; very gently at first, in order that he might not be heard; then a little louder; and at last, just as loud as he had done when his papa spoke to him.

The maid came to him, and said,

“What are you making that noise for, sir?”—“What is that to you,” said the naughty little boy; “I will make a noise, if I like.”—“But you will break the window!”—“That is nothing to you; they are not your windows.”—“If your papa heard you, you know what he would do: let me advise you to leave off.”—“I will not leave off:” and he beat louder than ever.

“Victor,” said the maid, “you will break the window, and cut yourself; if you do not leave off, I will call your papa.”—“Let me alone,” replied the naughty boy; “let me alone.”

As he said *let me alone*, he beat very hard upon one of the panes of glass, which broke all to pieces, and cut his hand in a shocking manner.

When he saw the blood flow, he cried out terribly. His mamma, who

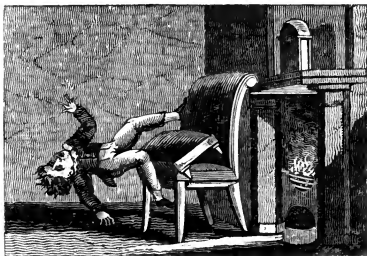
was in the next room, ran to him ; but, when she found how he had acted, she could not pity him. She looked, however, at his wounded hand, and having dressed it, said very seriously, “I desire you to leave off crying ; I have given you the assistance I considered necessary, but you do not deserve to be pitied ; your accident was your own fault ; you ought to have listened to the good advice that was given to you.”

“ But, mamma, I am in such pain.”

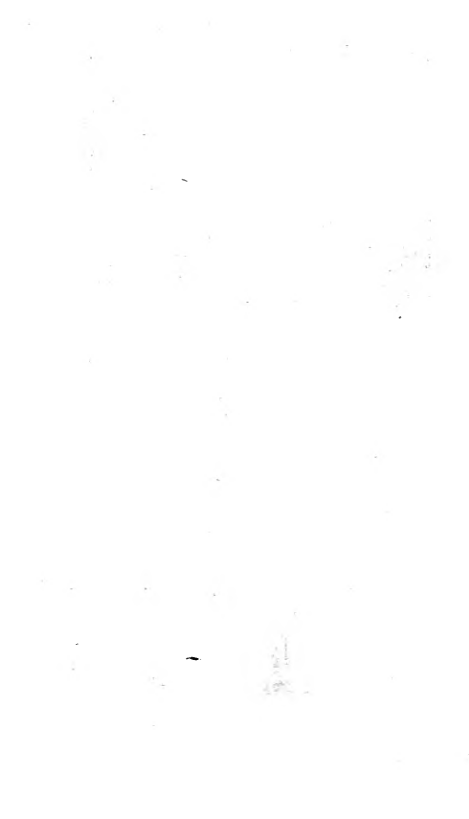
“ I do not doubt it ; but you must think yourself very lucky in having escaped so well, for you might have been lamed for life. Go to your room ; your disobedience gives me more pain than your accident.”



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THE PINS.

A GREAT many children have a dangerous habit of putting pins into their mouths ; they surely cannot know the danger, or they would not do so. For, in the first place, the pins may be dirty, and covered with verdigrease, which would hurt them ; or, from want of thought, they might swallow them, and kill themselves.

The following little story will prove the truth of this.

George Walton was playing with pins with a young lady : in the course of their game, to take care of the pins that he won, he put them into his mouth. A large dog that used to play with him, came into the room unperceived, and jumped with his great paws

upon his back. George, who was not aware of his coming, was so frightened, that the pins slipped down his throat, where they lay cross-ways. The more he tried to vomit them up, the faster they stuck. The surgeon who was sent for used his instruments in vain. George, after having suffered the most dreadful agony for five or six days, died, and left all his friends to deplore his unhappy end.

TUMBLING OFF THE FURNITURE.

A LITTLE girl, named Emma, who never thought of danger, was standing on the back of an arm-chair, in which her mamma was sitting, who, not knowing that she was there, got up suddenly, and the chair fell down upon her, and she received such a severe

wound in her head, that she was obliged to be bled three times in one day.

Her brother Anthony was never so happy as when he was climbing upon the furniture, the window, or a tree, where he used to look about him with much satisfaction, and thought himself a great man. You must not ask how many times he fell down, or how often he hurt himself; this happened so frequently, that he thought nothing about it: but at length he was punished severely.

One day he put a stool upon a chair, and got upon it. He had several times fallen from a tree without hurting himself much, but this time he was not so fortunate. The stool slipped, and he fell backwards so forcibly, that he fractured his head, and died in a few hours.

THE BULLOCK.

A LITTLE boy, who took great delight in teasing animals, was tormenting a poor bullock that was feeding quietly in a field. At length the bullock got angry, lowered his head, and caught him by the waistband of his small-clothes, and tossed him to a considerable distance. Happily for the boy, he fell on a load of hay, and escaped with a sound shaking; but he learned prudence from the accident, and never afterwards played with horned cattle.

THE FOWLING-PIECE.

Mr. ARNOLD was just returned from a shooting party, and had put his fowling-piece down upon the grass-plot,

intending to clean it before he put it away; indeed he was just going about it, when some one called him.

While he was gone, his son Frederic came on the grass-plot, and took up the gun. "Now," said he, "I will do my exercise with papa's gun. Carry arms—present—make ready."

Unfortunately, no one was present but his sister, who begged him to lay down the gun; but he laughed at her. "You are only a girl," said he, "and the sight of a gun frightens you. As for me, I am a man: Carry arms! present! make ready!" Pointing the gun at his sister, he said, "Take care of yourself."

"Brother! brother!" she cried, pray lay down the gun!"

The poor little girl ran to hide herself behind a gooseberry-bush. Her

brother only laughed at her, and kept crying out, "Take care of yourself! take care of yourself!"

In the midst of his gaiety he unfortunately pressed upon the trigger; the gun went off; and in a moment his poor sister was shot to the ground. Victor, dreadfully alarmed at what he had done, dropped the gun, and ran towards his sister.

The report brought all the family to the spot, but Mrs. Arnold was the first who perceived her daughter stretched on the ground, and covered with blood. She took her in her arms, making the place ring with her cries, and calling to her child repeatedly. As the little girl could not answer, they thought she was dead; but when the surgeon came, he said she had only fainted; and, in fact, she spoke in a

few minutes afterwards. On examining the wound, it was found, to the joy of the family, and above all, little Victor, that the shots had lost much of their power in passing through the gooseberry-bush; so that the little girl was only slightly wounded: nevertheless, she was ill a long time.

Victor, who had been overlooked in the confusion, appeared trembling before his father, and fell at his feet, weeping bitterly. "Sir," said Mr. Arnold to him, "you have nearly killed your sister; but I see you repent, and I trust you will remember the effects of your imprudence all your life."

And let me, my dear children, request you to bear this event in your mind, and you will never be induced to play with fire-arms, which are dan-

gerous to yourselves and those who are near you.

THE BALUSTRADE OF THE STAIRCASE.

A LITTLE girl once put her head through the balustrade of the staircase to look down, and could not get it back again. She remained in that position, crying, and making the most piteous complaints imaginable. Her papa, who was very angry with her, after convincing himself that there was no danger of her body going through, said to her, "Remain where you are, or get out as you can ; I wish to make you remember that your mamma told you never to look through the railing of the staircase.

The little girl continued to cry for a long time ; but at last she began to

consider how she should get her head out. After a great many efforts she succeeded; but not until she had scratched her ear sadly.

This story reminds me of a little boy who once got upon the balustrade, and said he was on horseback; but he lost his hold, and fell to the bottom. The poor little fellow was killed on the spot.

THE PIN IN THE SOUP.

AMELIA had a habit of sticking the pins that she did not want in the front part of her frock. Her papa said to her, "Amelia, put your pins in some other place, or some day when you are at table, one may fall in your plate, and you may swallow it."

Amelia paid no attention to the ad-

vice of her papa, and what he had foretold happened. One day she swallowed a pin in a spoonful of soup. She would have died if the surgeon had not put different instruments into her throat to get at the pin ; but she suffered dreadfully.

THE PIN IN A CHAIR.

THERE was once a very naughty little boy, who did every thing in his power to hurt his playfellows. One day he put a pin in a chair with the point outwards, and then called his sister to sit down. His sister, who knew what a mischievous boy he was, would not venture. The little boy not being able to trick his sister, went away to some other mischief, and forgot the pin.

He did not, however, forget the dinner-hour. His father and mother were already seated, and he took a chair to sit by them ; but in a moment he cried out dreadfully, and alarmed everybody at table. They asked him what was the matter ; he wept bitterly, but did not dare confess the truth. His sister drew near, and perceived the pin. “ Ah ! brother,” said she, “ that is the pin you wanted me to sit down upon !”

His father, finding the truth, looked very angry, and sent him away from table.

The pin had made a very bad wound, and they were obliged to send for a surgeon. For some time everybody thought he would be lame for life ; but nobody pitied him. “ It is a judgment,” said they ; “ the mischief you

intended for another, is fallen on yourself. The wicked must suffer at one time or other !”

FRIGHT.

MR. SMITH was passing through a street with his two children, when his attention was excited by a crowd. They stopped to see what was the matter, and observed a young man laying motionless on the pavement. His eyes were half-closed, his teeth set, and his mouth full of foam. In a short time, he became so dreadfully convulsed, that two men could not hold him ; and he struck his head so dreadfully against the stones, that everybody thought he would kill himself. This shocking fit lasted some minutes ; but he recovered his senses.

at last, and, with some assistance, got up again. An old woman, who was crying by his side, supported him carefully: it was his mother. When he was sufficiently recovered, he leaned upon her arm, and they walked away together.

Mr. Smith followed them; and by degrees entered into conversation with the old woman. He asked her how it happened. "Alas! sir," replied she, "it is all owing to a fright that he received from his playfellows when he was only twelve years old. One dark evening, as he was returning home through the church-yard, he saw, all at once, something white rise up and open its arms to seize him: this white figure had fiery eyes and mouth, and a long robe that covered all the body. My son was dreadfully fright-

ened, and fainted away immediately.

“The ghost, thinking him dead, threw off his dress, and a wooden case that served for a head, with three holes and a candle inside of it. This ghost was one of his playfellows, who, with three or four other boys, had played this trick to frighten him. They little thought of the consequences of their folly! They took my son in their arms, and, after trying in vain to bring him to his senses, carried him home.

“My poor boy only recovered his senses to suffer still more dreadfully. Fright and terror were in his eyes; he uttered the most horrid cries, and seemed to try to run away from something he saw. The idea of the ghost was ever in his mind. He remained several days and nights in this wretched state: at length, after one sound

sleep, he appeared more tranquil ; but the fright which he had received, shook his nerves, and gave him a violent complaint, which is called *epilepsy*. This complaint, of which you have just seen one of the fits, attacks him frequently.

“ Ah ! my little friends,” said the good woman to Mr. Smith’s children, who had been listening attentively, “ take care not to imitate the example of the boys who ruined my poor son’s happiness ; there are many other amusements ; and, although fright does not always produce such sad effects, it is never without an evil. I am very sure that now you are aware of the danger of terrifying your play-mates, you will never join in such a barbarous proceeding.”

THE BEES.

“ WILLIAM, your papa says you may walk in the garden; but do not touch the bee-hives. The bees are armed with a sting, which inflicts a severe wound; and they never fail to use it when they are disturbed.”

William, however, was a naughty little boy, who frequently did what he was told not to do; he thought they only told him not to go near the bees, because he should not taste the honey. “ What nonsense,” said he, “ to suppose that a little bee, which is not bigger than a bean, should hurt me! they talk to me as if I were an infant; but I know better.”

William went towards the hives, where he saw the bees quietly going in and out. This made him bold; and

he formed the project of thrusting a stick in the hive, thinking he should get some honey ; for, next to sugar, he loved honey dearly.

Hardly had he thrust in the stick, when a whole swarm of bees came out, and settled on his head. In a moment, he was stung dreadfully in several places. He ran away as fast as he could, but the bees went as fast, stinging his face, and ears, and hands, and every part that was uncovered.

At length he ran into the parlour, where all the family were assembled, and hid his head under one of the bolsters of the sofa. Everybody got up at the sight of this little boy, for he was still covered with bees ; and they, at length, drove them off. They washed his hands and face with vinegar ; he suffered dreadfully, and in a few mo-

ments was as red as scarlet, and swelled beyond conception. The pain was so great that it was thought he would die. He escaped, indeed, with life; but he had a terrible fever, and was ill a long time.

I can assure you, that he never went again to disturb the bees, and was ever afterwards attentive to what was told him.

THE WELL AND THE WINDOW.

MANY children no sooner see a well, than they run to look into it; and amuse themselves with throwing stones in the water. This is very improper: and they frequently throw dirt and filth into the water, which is used for drinking; but, what is worse still, is that, in stooping over the well, they frequently fall in, and are drowned.

Take care, then, my dear children, never to go near a well, or a window, for both are dangerous.

THE CARPENTER'S TOOLS, AND THE
MASON'S LADDER.

A CARPENTER was at work in a yard, cutting a large beam; little Henry Newton was watching him, and very anxious to handle the hatchet. When the carpenter was gone to dinner, the foolish little boy got on the timber, took the hatchet, and lifting it up to prove his dexterity, made a blow at the wood. Unfortunately, however, he struck his foot, and cut it nearly in two. I will leave you to judge of his sufferings; the best surgeon in the place was called to attend him, but he was lamed for life.

Another little boy, seeing a mason's ladder, tried to get to the roof of the house, but he made a false step, and fell to the ground ; and, before any one could pick him up, he was quite dead.

THE POWDER FLASK.

MR. HERSEE was just returned from shooting, and laid his powder-flask on the table. When he was gone out, his two children, Valentine and Eliza, began to play with the flask. "I smell a hare," said Valentine ; and pulled his ears to imitate a hare. While he was doing this, he dropped the powder-horn. When he picked it up, he said to his sister, "Let us make some fire-works." — "Oh yes," replied Eliza ; "let us make some fire-works."

Valentine opened the flask, put some powder in the palm of his hand, and threw a few grains in the fire. Then he made a train on the table, and set light to it with a piece of paper. All this amused them mightily.

Eliza, who was not aware of the terrible effects of powder, took up the flask, and held it over the lighted paper, to make another flash, putting out a little at a time. Unfortunately, the flame communicated to the powder-horn; and, in a moment, all the powder went off, with a dreadful explosion, breaking every thing in the room. The two children were struck to the ground; when they were picked up, they appeared dead, and were sadly disfigured. The little girl's hand was shattered to pieces, and it was obliged to be cut off, to prevent mortification.

The little boy lost an eye, and both were thus lamed and disfigured for life.

You see, my dear young readers, the sad effects of disobedience, and of touching things that you ought not.

THE END.

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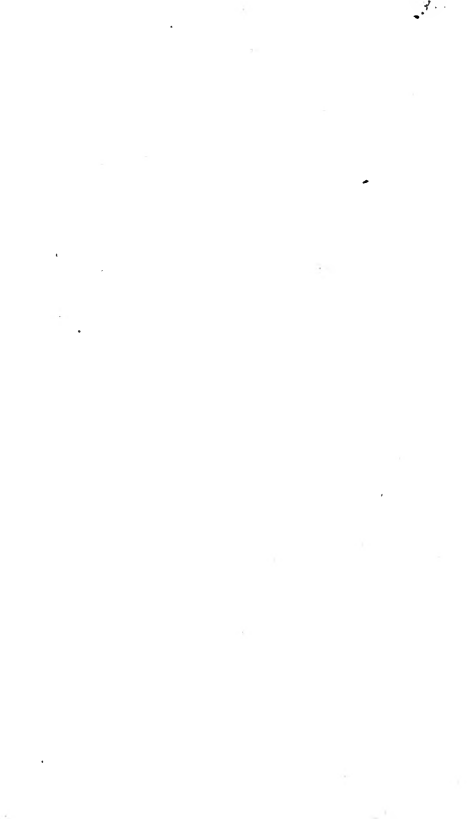
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